Volume LXXI CHICAGO, MARCH 13, 1913 Number 2

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They are fair and full of grace?
Meadow pests, in gardens, grow
Marguerites and Queen Anne's Lace.

What are faults? Perhaps you'll find
Virtues—if you will but bend
Stubborn will and haughty mind
To some lovely, gracious end.

—*Emma Mayhew Whiting.*
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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXI THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1913. NUMBER 2.

This is my prayer to thee, my lord,—strike, strike, at the root of penury in my heart.
Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.
Give me strength to make my love fruitful in service.
Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bend my knees before insolent might.
Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles.
And give me the strength to surrender my strength to thy will with love.

In Gitanjali. *Rabindra Nath Tagore.*

Those "Chapters of a Possible Autobiography," by Theodore Roosevelt, the first of which appeared in the *Outlook*, February 22, will undoubtedly be one of the most attractive serials of the new year. They will tell the story of one of the most picturesque men in our history, and, if we may judge from the initial number, it will be picturesquely told. Already we see in how many ways the boy was father to the man, and what influences formed the enshrinement of his birth and early years. Assuredly it is a story worth the telling, for the silhouttes of figures that linger in his memory not less than for the vivid pictures of his parents and those near to him, though one could wish that he had kept a diary of the early days that we might see his life as he saw it then, and not solely in the light of reminiscence. It will be eagerly followed by a host of readers, the more so for its engaging frankness and its delightful asides. J. F. N.

Speaking of autobiographies, it has been more than once hinted that Henry Ward Beecher left such a document, having interdicted its publication until his centennnial year. So far we have seen no reference to it among forthcoming books, though this is the year, and June 24 the day, of his one hundredth anniversary. What revelations may leap to light when it does appear, no one can guess; but that it will be a human document of rare worth and interest we may be sure. As a man of the spirit, Beecher was not the equal of Brooks, but as orator, reformer, statesman, as well as in versatility, fertility and splendor of genius as a preacher, he stands alone—the Shakespeare of the Christian pulpit. His life, told from the inside by himself, will be an enduring and precious possession alike for church and state. J. F. N.

Now it is President Wilson—and may he be in all ways worthy of the great traditions of our republic! When he was running for office, he was a man. Now that he is elected, he is more. He is a symbolic figure, the incarnation of the spirit and will of a great people, and we need not apologize to any sentiment of equality for regarding him with reverence. The vestiture upon him of the will and purpose of millions of men makes him other than he is in his private capacity. What the President does before the world he does for and through us, typifying the nation as no mere ruler could. He is a popular servant, not a master. His character, as revealed in his stewardship, is our character; his work is in no unreal sense our work. He stands for the only divine right that republics know—the right of men to rule themselves. The accolade of the popular will changes him and makes him a high priest of humanity in this land, where are being wrought out the highest ideals of the race. So may it ever be! J. F. N.

What has Henri Bergson, now a guest in our country, to tell us? Much, very much, if we but listen to his golden speech proclaiming emancipation from the grim determinism which has so long obsessed us. His greatest work, "Creative Evolution," is not only a carefully wrought thesis; it is a vision unveiling a mighty world which is always becoming, growing, striving, wherein the word of power is not Law, but Life—life a flowing that never ceases, never repeats itself, pushed forward by an inner Vital Urge. He refutes the dictum of the writer of Ecclesiastes that there is nothing new under the sun, by showing that the universe itself is always being made afresh. Instead of unrolling in time a plan made out before, it is a divine adventure, with all the risk and joy and vicissitude of adventure; and man, so far as he attains to real manhood, is a fellow-worker in the freedom of a great enterprise.

There is in this vision something to revive the old thrill and joy of life. Small wonder that it has captured the modern imagination, not less than the modern intellect. It is the enemy of laziness, inertia and cowardice. It supercedes the crass materialism—and the equally rude rationalism—of other days; it makes for faith, even the faith that life is deeper than we see, and we ourselves greater than we know; faith, also, in the profound institutions of our race both as to the life that is now and the life to come. It renders the old mechanistic view of the world obsolete and absurd; but when we break with that concept, we must either fall back on Chance, or go forward—to God! What will Bergson do? A recent letter to a friend gives hint of the direction in which he is moving:

The considerations set forth in my essay on the immediate facts of consciousness are intended to bring to light the

fact of liberty; those in "Matter and Memory" touch upon the reality of spirit; those in "Creative Evolution" present creation as a fact. From all this there clearly emerges the idea of a God, creator and free; the generator at once of matter and of life, whose creative efforts as regards life are continued through the evolution of species and the constitution of human personalities.

As this is the season of Lent, when men are wont to look into their hearts and examine what they find there, it may not be altogether out of order to ask a few searching questions. Not long ago the "Societe des Missions Evangeliques de Paris" sent out an appeal for a week of self-denial. It was accompanied by an extract from a letter by M. Wilfred Monon, running thus:

> How is it that Protestants have produced, on a man like Pere Gratry, the impression which he formulates as follows? "Protestantism is, in essence, the abolition of sacrifice. To abolish abstinence and fasting; to abolish the necessity of good works, effort, struggle; to shut up sacrifice in Jesus alone and not le it pass to us; no more to say, as St. Paul did, I fill up that which is wanting in the suffering of Christ, but rather to say to Jesus on His cross: Suffer alone—that is Protestantism.'

If this is true of Protestantism in general, and few will deny that it is a truth in sight, is it not more true of our so called Liberal Church? While we rightly reject the ascetic theory as a mistaken dualism, on the ground that habitual temperance is better than recurrent austerities, and that a wholesome interaction of body and soul is most favorable to true holiness, is there not another side to the truth? Have we taken due account of the profound instinct, as well as the burning passion for purity, which led some of the loftiest and loveliest souls of all time to adopt the most stern methods as helps to the holy life?

Indeed, are we as liberal toward the past as we profess to be toward the present, as willing to listen to St. Bernard as to Henri Bergson? Do we conserve the heart of the Christian religion while seeking to interpret it in terms of modern thought? Do we mean by the term liberal Christian that one is free to be a Christian, or that he holds his Christianity loosely? Are we discontented with theories of the atonement because we want Christ brought nearer to us, with His high demand that we must know will plague us with an unsatisfiable passion for perfection? What have we to say to a man writhing under the terrible inward punishment of sin by the awakening of conscience, like Gregers in the Ibsen play? Such questions may seem to be impertinent, but are they? J. F. N.

Samuel Tipple—A Memory

'Tis strange that an item in the *London Times,* telling of the death of a man more than eighty years old, should have cast a long shadow over me. Yet so it is. Though Samuel Tipple bore the weight of many winters, his soul was truly young, unchanged save as it had deepened and ripened in the midst of the years. Naturally, I am unwilling that he should pass without some mention of the qualities which made his ministry so magnetic and so memorable.

There are two types of the great preacher. There are men like Beecher, Brooks, and Joseph Parker—the fiery orator, the master of assemblies, the cyclonic commander of the assent and homage of the multitude. They are picturesque and noble, but perhaps they are not the greatest preachers if judged by the long results of time. The other type is represented by men like Martineau, Bushnell, and Munger. This preacher is no striking orator. He is never popular. He prevails mightily, but it is by the depth and vitality of his ideas, the truth and intensity of his vision of God, the form and beauty which he presses into the service of his vocation.

It was to this rare type of the great preacher that Samuel Tipple belonged. His power lay wholly in his message and in his high concern to utter it. His ministry was the continual unveiling of a beautiful soul, and he influenced men deeply, quietly, genetically. At Norwood he preached for many years to a small but elect audience, but his influence and power were felt to the ends of the earth. Many who have never seen that little chapel with its ivy-fringed windows, knew it for a place of vision hallowed by the genius of a teacher of faith. Now that his authentic voice is hushed and his gracious presence withdrawn, some of us feel that something fine has gone out of the world —like sweet music fallen into silence, like a white star extinguished.

On those Sunday mornings at Norwood everything was true to one keynote from first to last. Exquisite indeed, was the word to be applied to everything. The preacher himself, white-haired, tranquil with an intense stillness, low-voiced and gentle, was a vision never to be forgotten. There was no preaching quite like his. It was not in the least degree dogmatic, and it is doubtful whether the preacher would have signed any Creed or Confession. Yet he had always the orthodoxy of the heart, he was always true to life and close to life—sometimes very close. He made his hearers preach to themselves all the time he was preaching. For some the great feature of the service was the prayer, exquisite in its beauty, its tenderness, its comprehension.

Happily one of his hearers made record of some of those prayers and we have them in "Spoken Words of Prayer and Praise"—a golden book, a treasure forever for the whole worshipping church. Full of timeless, eternal things, it is, nevertheless, attuned to the spirit of our questioning and aspiring age. Here are all the mysteries, the surprises, the beauties of life; its fears, doubts, defeats, victories; all the wonders of God and of ourselves. Listen:

> Amidst the shadows of time, amidst the clouds that hover and disperse and collect again, amidst the flow and ebb, and the passing of day into night, may we wake into the presence

of some eternal realities, and have reflected upon us something of their stillness and calm.

Receive us, O Lord, as we come now to prayer. Thou who art in the prayer we breathe, the secret of its mission, from whom, in ascending to Thee, it takes its rise, that Thou mayest be fulfilled in us.

O God, if we fail or flag at all on the upward path, the path of the true life, for lack of a song with which to encourage and cheer ourselves, put a song into our mouth, when there may be none in our heart, that shall presently wake an echo in the heart and set us singing there.

The words are so simple, so rich in music, so freighted with high meanings, that they move like a chant, lifting weary human souls from the beshadowed earth to the shadowless heavens. On every page one meets some gracious surprise of originality, of insight, revealing the innermost depths of a devout soul. Emerson, had we record of his prayers, might have prayed thus. Every season and phase of life has its note. Here is a spring song:

Praise the Lord for the larger sky, the broadening light, the faint sprinkling of green in the garden, for the gracious things new yet old, and in their oldness ever new, that are being brought forth by the sun, for the expectant looking trees, waiting in their nakedness to be clothed upon shortly with their house, which is from heaven.

And such sermons! They were miracles of bright, revealing insight, touched at times, especially in his early years, by a keen sense of the pathos of this our mortal life. Toward the end, however, the shadow seemed to lift, until his faithful wife vanished from his side—then it returned, albeit in a more tender form. For example, he once took for his text the words, "Blessed art thou, Simon, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father who is in heaven." He began by speaking of the pleasure with which we listen to praise. Then he pointed out that very much of our pleasure depends upon the person who praises. A whispered word from one person means more than the acclaim of a multitude. Then he touched gently on the passing of those whose praises we would most have prized. After a great struggle, a man attains some cherished object of ambition, but the triumph is turned to ashes because the loved one is not there to share it. Many may bless, but the lips whose softly smiled blessing meant more than all else are sealed in death.

As has been said, his early attitude toward life was pensive, that of a brave, sweet, smiling sadness—the heritage of a finely tempered spirit. For the rest, what lavishness of resources, what soft and sure penetration into the truths that make us men, what intensity of appeal! He never spoke of himself, and yet his sermons were in a sense autobiographical. His theory of life was that every man with a gift should cultivate it, rejecting all temptations in favor of a steady, severe concentration on his work. This theory he carried out. He did not preach to please people or to draw an audience, but to utter his soul, and he gave his whole heart to the preparation of his testimony. Hence his mastery of a style, all his own, which remains to this day a wonder of lucidity, beauty and haunting melody. For example, in speaking of Jesus in the hour of His transfiguration, he has this passage:

He felt Himself, as we have occasionally felt ourselves, mystically attended. Sometimes when in summer fields walking abroad there comes to one a sense of whispering, the heart stands still, the feet must stay. We are in such strange company; clouds sailing up to God go by, earth, sun and stars go by. More strong than rushing of the worlds, we feel there is something about us, beside us, something unknown.

In a moment of strange uplifting of ecstasy granted to him by the way for his comfort, such as is given now and then to souls toiling lonely along the anxious path of high endeavor, where without are fears and within are doubts, discouraged perhaps by reason of frequent bafflings; to souls heavily laden in their devotion to some enterprise or foreboding of evil, before whom all lies dark, and scarce one gleam of light. And then one day, under some influence or other, as they have knelt in prayer all is changed, the clouded horizon grows clear to their inward eye. Greater it seems is He who is with them all in the world; the things seen that have temporarily burdened them are swallowed up into things unseen.

It does not last. From the height of vision to which they have been lifted they soon slip down again, as the wondrous light that flooded Jesus on the mountain faded into the common day. But at least they have had that day, and something abides with them like the glow when the crimson sun has set. There are those who, laboring for noble ends in sad mood have known it, and have gone back to their work and the burden of their care wondrously refreshed.

So it was always. Whatever theme he took, he carried it at once into the region of the actual life of man as we live it in our day. Of his books, which some of my readers may like to be told of, "Sunday Mornings at Norwood," is the richest, though "Days of Old" has a certain mellowness of "old experience," and at times a lyric rapture of victorious faith to stir the soul to song. Methinks these sermons will be read a hundred years hence, and they will be found as true then as they are in this year of grace. Still another, "The Admiring Guest," is also worth while, for everything that he touched turned to beauty and light.

Two years ago he gave up his pulpit at Norwood. That was a memorable day; and many will see in their dreams that fine face, rugged yet luminous and expressive, and will hear for years that quiet voice, husky at first, but softening to silvery tones as the sermon wanes on, flowing as a stream flows, continuously and melodiously, pouring forth a wise, grave, tender current of reflections, fresh, vivid, sparkling, prophesying "a happy enlargement and uplifting awaiting them in a morning to which they shall awake after the night." Then came the singing of "Lead, Kindly Light." So far, there had been no sign of tension; but at the last two lines the noble face quivered, regained its calmness, and he uttered his parting benediction. It was the limit. For a moment the white head was bowed in grief over the desk, then, slowly, but with deep emotion, the old man walked for the last time down the pulpit stairs.

Such men are rare upon this earth. For some of us, though he has fallen asleep—glad to die, indeed, and be among "the lost that are found in the deathless land"—Samuel Tipple still speaks, and will speak in days to come; an authentic friend and aider of those who would live the life of the spirit.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

THE PULPIT

CITIZENSHIP

An Address Delivered By
PROFESSOR CHARLES E. MERRIAM
at the
ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO
March 2, 1913

For many years most men were subjects and only a few were citizens. Citizenship was a right greatly prized by those who were fortunate enough to obtain it. Its possession differentiated the owner sharply from the subject or the slave, and gave him a civil dignity and material privileges of great importance. Challenged by the famous protest of St. Paul, the centurion said to the captain: "Take heed what thou doest, for this man is a Roman.'" "And the chief captain also was afraid, after he knew that he was a Roman, and because he had bound him."

Restrictions upon citizenship were gradually broken down in the course of time. In our day, the mingling of races and the development of democracy have combined to expand the narrow limits that once encompassed citizenship, and have made it practically inclusive of all persons living within the territorial limits of a state. Citizenship is easy to cast off and easy to acquire, among the western nations at least. Birth has ceased to be the main door to citizenship, and the distinction between citizen and subject has been swept away by the democratic tide.

The ease with which citizenship is obtained and the universal possession of it have destroyed the exclusive characteristics which it once possessed. There is danger that the duties and obligations of citizenship will be neglected or despised. When citizenship was something to be "bought with a great price," the incidents of the new relation were carefully weighed and considered. When it comes without effort and to practically all, it is plain that its advantages and obligations are less likely to be the subject of serious consideration.

Within the last generation the burden of citizenship has, in many instances, proved too heavy for its bearers. The rapid increase in population, the migratory tendencies of the population, the swift and confusing changes in the forms of industrial organization have produced situations in which the obligations of citizenship have been greater than ever before. Too often the conception of citizenship has been that of the Tammany sachem, who is reported to have said: "Why should I do anything for posterity? What has posterity ever done for me?" We need not say that there has been a decline in civic virtue, but it is clear that new conditions demand different standards and these have not been understood or met.

Corruption on a huge scale and widespread misgovernment and maladministration have been the product of the new conditions. Organized political dishonesty on a large and liberal plan is a recognized fact in American political life. Bands of political pirates capture cities, counties and states, plundering and levying tribute like their predecessors. Now it is some political panderer laying his tribute upon the denizens of the underworld; now it is some contractor fleecing a willing representative of the public; now it is some great corporation corrupting the foundations of law and justice. No man has ever been bold enough to estimate the total annual revenue from political corruption, but the sum, if known, would rank grafting among the most profitable of our extractive industries. The foundations and superstructure of political and industrial democracy have been shaken.

The conditions shown before the White Slave Committee of the Illinois Legislature are a standing menace to good citizenship. The organized vice trade there set forth is a challenge to the decent home and the decent citizenship of our town. For the organized business of vice, according to the Vice Commission Report, we pay $15,000,000 a year in cash to its promoters and protectors. The income from "tolerated" vice, reported on the police list alone was given as $7,865,144. But the price paid in health and happiness is enormously greater and beyond the possibility of accurate estimate. It is figured in staggering totals of innocent children and women, who bear the burden through years of silent suffering. This is a price paid in "sterility, insanity, paralysis, the blinded eyes of little babes, the twisted limbs of deformed children, degredation, physical rot and mental decay."

But this does not complete the bill our citizenship pays. In every city the vice trust is the center and heart of political corruption. It is too rich a business to escape the hold of politics and graft. When the proprietor's share in an ordinary resort is calculated by the Vice Commission as $42,675 a year, the opportunity for tribute will not be and has not been overlooked. Commercialized prostitution is the back-bone of every gang of grafters in every city. It is their gold mine, their bank, their flexible bill of credit. To preserve this privilege of tribute they will not stop at murder of body or soul, or defiance of the laws of God or man.

This is a price our citizenship cannot longer pay. Our forefathers went to war for less. I believe the time has come to end public prostitution and segregated tolerated vice. So called segragation does not really segregate. It merely provides breeding places for disease, degeneracy and graft. I believe the public conscience of Chicago is ready for the war, and will sweep aside the army of pimps, panders, and political protectors who bar the way to civic decency and progress. The day of the red-light district, the vice king, the alliance of prostitution and politics, is drawing to a close. Whenever the decent people of Chicago come to know each other and work together as effectively as the prostitute, the pimp, and the politician, vice as an organized industry will cease to exist.

Future historians will look back with amazement and amusement upon a state of political affairs in which organized plunderers played so notorious and shameless a part. Before the judgment seat of history what a searching examination will be made of the Vice Trust, the Jackpot, Fund W, and other survivals of political barbarism. Some day the masks and veils will be torn aside, and the hidden motives brought to light—the secret alliances and affiliations made plain.

It is not my intention, however, to enter into a description of all or any of the leading types of political pathology. Evidence is spread before you daily, and there is more to be found with very little digging. I can merely present a few considerations on the attitude of citizens toward what is generally recognized as a prevailing condition.

The fact is that the new obligations incident to citi-

zenship are not fully realized. Men who are entirely willing to suffer and die for their country in war are unwilling to serve it in times of peace or remain indifferent because they do not see the connection between effort and effect in public affairs as in military matters. The action of the bullet, the bayonet, or the sword is direct and perceptible. The citizen's part in molding public opinion is difficult to trace, although none the less powerful in its effect. If the great struggle for self-government could be dramatized and presented as vividly as the scenes of war, the result would be different. The poet, the painter, the novelist, the historian, the musician have portrayed the conflicts of war in masterpieces that are immortal. But song and story have not yet described the civic struggle in times of peace. The material is available, but has not yet been employed. Judge Lindsay's Jungle is the nearest approach to it, and certainly his description of encounters with the Beast lacks nothing of dramatic interest and power. We still think of liberty as won chiefly on the battlefield; of human rights as protected mainly by the sword; of free institutions as if maintained by the arm of the soldier. The quiet process by which thousands of citizens formulate public opinion and provide for its execution are by no means so picturesque or by no means so attractive as the world-famed scenes of military clash and conflict.

Men to whom cowardice on the field of battle would be detestable may be routed by a sneer in civic affairs. men to whom desertion from an army would be a crime unspeakable, without perceiving it will abandon their plain duty in the face of critical civic occasions. And this is inevitable in a transition stage where we pass from an era largely, or in great part, military in its activities, to an era wholly, or largely, industrial in its character. A great element of difficulty in our present situation lies in transferring the old types of military enthusiasm to new conditions. The citizen has the spirit and virtue of the soldier, but he does not see clearly how to apply these qualities or the necessity of applying them to political and social conditions.

The sense of civic as well as military obligation to public service is not always clearly understood. We often hear the phrase, "A public office is a public trust." It is no less true that citizenship is equally a trust and every citizen is a trustee. In a peculiar sense the official is a trustee for the public, but the voter is also a trustee, and the citizen, whether a voter or not, is also a trustee.

The great heritage of free government is handed down, in trust, to every citizen as well as to officials. The principles and practices that constitute our political system as a result of centuries of growth are in the care of everyone who lives under them. No man can escape his responsibility for his part in passing on our institutions to the following generation. Nor can he impose it upon any other man. Self-government means just what it says. It involves political interest and action on the part of those who are included in the jurisdiction of the government. Wherever the individuals who constitute a commonwealth find that the task of attending to their own political affairs is too difficult or irksome, or discover other occupations more pleasant or more profitable, then others take up the task, and self-government actually, if not in form, ceases to exist.

The greatest grafter is the citizen who, whether rich or poor, educated or illiterate, claims and exercises all the rights and privileges of citizenship in a self-governing community, but will assume none of its obligations. Witness the man who will not register for fear his name may be drawn as a juror; the man who will not vote; the man who will not perform his plain political duty for fear of his business. These men are civic traitors. They betray not only the living, but also the dead and the generations yet unborn. They enjoy the advantages won by generations of sacrifice and struggle. They turn these institutions to their own personal profit and advantage and pass on to the next generation the wasted inheritance. Unmindful of the sacred obligations of the citizen, they are willing to profit by the effort of others, but unwilling to contribute effort of their own. They take, but do not give.

Democracy is founded upon the assumption that the bulk of the community will give the necessary time and attention to public affairs to insure proper management of the interests of the community. Every citizen must give a part of his time and attention—or a part of his life—to the consideration of the general interest of the state. Democracy does not, ordinarily, require that a man give his whole life, but it does demand that he give his living and continuous interest to public problems. We may be sure that special interests are always active—like the force of gravity—and they can be offset only by substantial effort on the part of those whose chief interest is not a selfish one. We may confidently rely upon the vigorous and persistent action of every man who has a personal interest in misgovernment. The dollar sign is an easy one to follow. Unless we can reckon upon the equally vigorous and persistent action of men who have no direct interest at stake it is impossible to resist attacks upon the integrity and efficiency of the government.

Another accompaniment of the change from military to industrial standards is seen in the lack of action, except under unusual circumstances. The soldier fights a battle or campaign and then rests from his labors; so the citizen sometimes thinks that after a skirmish or a battle or a campaign he may rest from his labors. He will secure the nomination or election of his candidate, the adoption of his charter, or his law, or his constitution, and will then leave them to operate undisturbed. It is easier to arouse one thousand men to demand a law than to interest one in its practical administration. The excitement of a campaign to secure a statute will enlist the services of many, while the operation of a law once enacted is utterly ignored. Governmental action is really determined, however, not by the enthusiasm and excitement of crisis, but by the level of the everyday interest of the average man. This was well expressed by President Garfield when he said in the heat of a great national convention:

"When the emotions of this convention have subsided, we shall find that calm level of public opinion below the storm, from which the thoughts of a mighty people are to be measured, and by which their final action will be determined."

Cincinnatus, having served the state, could return to his neglected plow. This is what our citizen often attempts to do, but with the result that his work is undone before he has plowed a single furrow. The soldier may rest between wars, but the citizens disband at their peril. Like pioneers, they must carry their guns to the fields.

The greatest help to the citizen at the present hour, and under our new and changing conditions, is pub-

licity. The existence and continuance of the present system depends entirely upon concealment of the essential facts from the public. Suppression and distortion of the truth are the great agencies of corruption. If the white light of truth shall beat down upon the secrets that are hid from the public eye, the end would come quickly. An authentic picture of present politics would doom it. Whoever writes a *Who's Who* for the world of graft will write a series of political obituaries. The system depends upon its ability to escape portrayal. The conditions have not been exaggerated; on the contrary, in my opinion, the half has never been told. On the whole, the area of graft and corruption is greater, not less, than it has been stated to be, and its ramifications wider than is generally supposed, or, at least, than ever has been definitely shown.

Not only is publicity necessary for the detection and punishment of crime and hypocrisy, but for the purpose of providing proper constructive measures for the future.

The problems arising out of the industrial and urban conditions of modern times are enormous. The widest possible dissemination of the facts regarding our political and industrial life is fundamental to any wise and permanent settlement for the future. Specific information regarding the situations which are now and will continue to be subjects of governmental action is absolutely indispensable.

We stand at the beginning of an era of constructive legislation on a wider and more difficult scale than ever yet attempted. These changes are not confined to alterations in the form of government, or new adaptations of democratic institutions. These adaptations and alterations are necessary to protect and secure both political and industrial democracy. But no one assumes that they will operate automatically. The changes which must be made involve broad policies of social legislation, which will tax not only the courage and the honesty but also the wisdom of our legislators and our citizens as never before. Lagging far behind the great industrial states of the world in social legislation, we must advance with quickened step to keep pace with the progress of civilization and humanity. We must rescue our political liberty from the reproaches laid upon it, and we must prevent the establishment of conditions under which life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are empty of genuine meaning.

We need safe guides. The good intentions of folly and fury may lead us far astray, while the demagogue is as dangerous as the open enemy. Public opinion is the moving spirit in all democratic government, and the more firmly this is based upon broad and wise consideration of the facts, the quicker and the better the results.

I am not among the pessimists. If I discuss one of the ills to which our poltical flesh is heir, it is not because I love political pathology, but because I wish to understand and to have understood the political conditions in order that appropriate political remedies may be applied and healthy conditions restored. I believe that the eyes of the citizen are being opened; that he sees the conditions; that he appreciates his political duty, and that he is inclined toward more energetic and effective action than ever before.

I believe that the days when the unpunished criminal and crook can participate in the making of law are numbered. I believe that the Pharisees "full of hypocrisy and iniquity" must soon cease their deception; I believe that the purple of special privilege is fading and the scepter falling from its hand.

There is every indication that the restoration of genuinely representative government is near; and that representative government when restored will enter upon a broad program of social and industrial legislation which will determine the long contest between privilege and the people, in the general interest.

Well roars the storm to him who hears across the wave its deeper voice proclaiming truth and social justice.

As the noise and tumult of battle dies away, the true meaning of democracy is seen by its citizens. We see that it means more than a battle or war. It means the continued existence of honest and intelligent public opinion, made up of the honest and intelligent opinion of thousands of individual citizens. Changes in form of government or institutions may and will help but cannot save us. The final test is the living interest of the citizen in public affairs.

The obligations of citizenship are particularly strong upon those of wealth and education. They have received much from the community, and from them much is due. It is true that we are all children of sacrifice. For each of us some mother has gone down into the valley of the shadow of death; infinite patience has cradled and cherished us; has taught the wayward feet to walk; "through the power of mimicry beguiled our lips to speech." The labor and care of others have been our guides. But in a peculiar sense some are social debtors, for the hoardings of society have been lavished upon them in the most liberal measure.

These opportunities have been given by society for its own protection and welfare,—for the advancement of the common good.

The first criminal of history before the bar of God's own justice, made the plea, "Am I my brother's keeper?" This first defence of red-handed murder has been echoed and re-echoed in palliation of million other crimes, whose perpetrators lived and died unbranded. Ancient wrong was built upon this principle, and slavery and special privilege have graven it upon their corner-stones.

Let me leave you another phrase, symbolic of struggle and sacrifice, sweeping the field of social and political obligations: "None of us liveth unto himself." You are trustees of an inheritance of dearly bought human experience. May you use it to serve the democracy that gave it, to protect and promote the interest of society from which it came, to make democracy and liberty facts in the life and labor of men.

SUNRISE NEVER FAILS.

Upon the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far, lonely spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies,
So darken all the happy skies,
So gathers twilight cold and stern;
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away.
What though our eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joys once more.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

The Poet of the Sierras

The simplest of ceremonies, conducted by William Day Simonds, marked the funeral of Joaquin Miller, in whose passing America has lost another of her great poets. Mr. Simonds said:

Joaquin Miller was a poet by the grace of God, and not by favor of school or college. The God-ordained poet is a man endowed with a vision and with the gift of adequate expression—adequate and musical. To that vision he must first of all be true, and that gift of melodious expression he must train with persevering industry.

Joaquin Miller was true to his vision and true to his gift. Let the poet once stoop to commercialize his vision or consent to fashion his verse to please popular taste, though he gain applause and wealth, to such a one the gates of noble achievement are forever closed.

To our poet, upon whom has fallen the "white silence" of death, there was granted in youth a vision of rare beauty. He saw this wonderful West, its mountains and valleys, its rivers and charming lakes, its forests and deserts, its varied life—not as the careless see, but as the dreamer with artist soul endowed, and so seeing he revealed to the East, and to Europe, a new paradise for men. Well could he say, "I have been true to my West. She has been my only love. I have remembered her greatness. I have done my work to show to the world her vastness, her riches, her resources, her valor and her dignity, her poetry and her grandeur."

This was his mission, his vision, and right nobly was it fulfilled. In words that were pictures in cadences that sometimes fell like softest music on the ear, he portrayed to an admiring world the unexplored beauty of lands that lay between the Rockies and the sea.

In his lines are the majesty of our mountains, the loveliness of the valleys threaded with winding creeks, the mystery of untrodden forests, the fragrance of wild flowers, the nesting of happy birds, the mingled light and shade of morning and of night, and over all the serenity of the stars.

He loved the freedom and the frankness of nature. He reveled in the unspoiled integrity of God's great out-of-doors. Pioneer men and women, miners, hunters, Indians, children of the fields and woods, the unconventional and the sincere, these were his friends, and to these he gave the best his genius could bestow.

What troubles he may have had, what private griefs, I know not; but this I know, he was in life most fortunate that God permitted him to do a little work the world will not forget. Much that he wrote will pass and be remembered no more, but there are lines traced by his hand which bear the stamp of immortality. They will live as long as men can sense the grandeur of our mountains, or the ocean's sublime appeal.

Most fortunate, our poet, in the time and manner of his going from us. Dante died in exile, Byron in far away Greece; Shelley sank to his rest in the waters of a foreign sea. But Joaquin Miller died under a roof his own hands had reared and in sight of a forest his own hands had planted. Birds he had welcomed in their summer nests sang his requiem. Wife and daughter and friends ministered to nature's last needs. Loving hands smoothed his pillow and moistened his parched lips. Dying, he went from love to love, from his own house to his Father's house above.

And he is dead, our poet. But what is death? He shall answer:

"What is this rest of death, sweet friend?
What is the rising up, and where?
I say death is a lengthened prayer
A longer night, a larger end.

"I say the shores of death and sleep
Are one; that when we, wearied, come
To Lethe's waters and lie dumb,
'Tis death, not sleep, holds us in keep.

"Yea, we lie dead for need of rest—
And so the soul drifts out and o'er
The vast still waters to the shore
Beyond, in pleasant, tranquil quest.

"It sails straight on, forgetting pain,
Past isles of peace to perfect rest."

—From the Oakland Tribune, Feb. 19, 1913.

Correspondence

Editor of UNTY:

The Jews and Unitarians need not worry because the Rev. Charles Baird Mitchell made them "ineligible" for Christian unity. He can rule them out of the sectarian—Christian pale, but he cannot put them out of the kingdom of God. As "the kingdom of God is within you," no one is outside of it. The Jews and Unitarians are right in holding that Jesus was not God. Though the infinite and the finite are one in substance, they are not one in wisdom and power. Though the infinite is in the finite and vice versa, yet the finite is subject to the infinite. Jesus confessed that he was subject to the Father within him, hence he was not God.

Every form in the universe can say as Jesus said: "I and my Father are one;" "the Father within me evolved me and made me what I am." If Christians succeed in uniting upon their dogma of "atonement for sin through a divine Savior," it will not be coming to a "unity of the faith and the knowledge of the Son of God," but one based upon the ignorance of men whose erroneous belief was based upon the legendary matter contained in the "Apostles' Creed." The knowledge of the Son of God is contained in "the gospel of the kingdom of God," which Jesus preached and which is far different from that of Christian legendary lore, and which is now verified by the science of Evolution; which, as you say, "has no place for such a scheme" as the "atonement for sin." "The gospel of the kingdom of God takes in all mankind; and, when it is preached, as Jesus declared it would be, it will be the means of a world-wide unity and not a cramped-up sectarian affair. This scientific doctrine does not rule out "Protestants of all kinds," but it will bring them to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus and away from the errors of theological deductions.

JOHN MADDOCK.

Minneapolis, Minn.

MARSH ISLAND.

[Through the generosity of Mrs. Russell Sage, Marsh Island has been dedicated as a permanent home for the birds.]

There's a gleam of breast and a sweep of wing
Unchallenged by stone or gun,
There's a burst of unchecked caroling
Where Peace and Joy are one.

There's a safe retreat after weary flight
From chill of the northern zone,
And comfort there for the widowed sprite
Winging its way alone.

There's hope in the heart of the mother bird
For the birdlings 'neath her breast,
As boughs by gentle breezes stirred
Murmur of Love and Rest.

There's a hope for all from that sunny shore,
That isle of the southern sea,
A shaft of light that shall evermore
A gleam through darkness be.

Of a waking love for all living things,
Of justice free and wide,
The message borne upon their wings
Shall spread on every side.

In Our Dumb Animals. *—Mary Bailey.*

The Sunday School

The Growth of the Hebrew Religion

A YEARS WORK

In the Study of the Old Testament as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his Classes in Religion

1912 — 1913

Prepared for UNITY by DR. ALICE D. WILLIAMS

AMOS.

II.

TEXT: *Let justice roll down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream.* Amos v: 24.

It is an inspiring thing to find that when the books of the Old Testament are arranged chronologically, the one that has the clearest credentials for heading the list is a great ethical collection. We begin at the middle of the spiritual message of the Bible in the book of Amos, which is the earliest literary relic we have of the Hebrew literature.

A production of so much literary merit implies that it must have been conceived in an atmosphere of literature and culture. All else current at that time in Jewish literature has gone into oblivion; but this book has survived. Why? It must have elements of immortality within itself, and these elements are not hard to find. Poetry is one. It is the poet that lives. Neglect poetry as we will it has a lease on life. The other reason is that it is tingling with ethics, it is so personal, so up-to-date, so like the utterance of the agitators and trouble-makers of today.

Amos was a Hebrew Edwin Markham of the eighth century B. C. He looked out upon the life of Israel with anxious, solicitous eyes, as John Ruskin looked at the English people in his day. If you want to know where Amos belongs in the category of history, you must put him alongside of Henry George, Karl Marx, Debs, or whoever sees through the dangers of luxury, prosperity and ease. It is hard to read it aloud with your eyes open to its meaning because it sounds as if it meant you.

The book of Amos is worthy of being studied as a literary gem, but it is so filled with ethics and sociology that we cannot waste time on the literary form. Fortunately there is enough left of it so that scholars are able to place it without much doubt in the eighth century B. C.

Solomon was the first King of the Hebrews who succeeded, after a fashion, in unifying his nation. At the time of this book he has been dead two hundred years, and the kingdom has fallen into two parts, with the capital of one at Jerusalem and the other at Bethel. The northern kingdom is flourishing now and it is high and mighty and confident. Its king, Jereboam II, represents the "golden age" of the northern kingdom, and this is where this "poet preacher," this "peasant statesman," this "rustic seer," breaks in. He was a shepherd down in Tekoa, twelve or thirteen miles south of Jerusalem. The name is taken from a certain small sheep found in that locality which is famous for its wool. Amos speaks of himself as a cultivator of sycamore trees. Another translation says mulberry. This man has gone to the northern kingdoms, and here are his sermons, poems, prophecies concerning it. The book falls into three parts.

Part I, chapters 1 and 11. The Introduction: He approaches his subject skilfully, denouncing the adjoining powers. You can talk against Germany or Japan and people will stand it; but when you come nearer home it is different. He evidently is acquainted with the politics of his day. He mentions the nations bordering Israel—Damascus, Tyre, Edom, Ammon, Moab and Judah, his own people. Then, after preparing them for a plain talk, he opens up on the Israelites as distinct from the inhabitants of Judah. And then comes:

Part II—The Arraignment. Chapters iii-vi: "Thus saith Jehovah." The authority is final. This consists of three very distinct sermons, each beginning, "Hear ye this word." Amos is climbing to his subject:

> In the day that I shall visit the transgression of Israel upon him . . . and the houses of ivory shall perish, and the great houses shall have an end, saith the Lord.

The second sermon:

> Hear ye this word, ye kine of Bashan, . . . which oppress the poor, which crush the needy. . . . The Lord God hath sworn by his holiness that, lo, the days shall come upon you, that they shall take you away with hooks. . .
>
> Come to Bethel—and transgress, . . . and bring your sacrifice every morning . . . and proclaim freewill offerings and publish them. . . .

You have delighted in your ceremonies, you have been punctilious in your observances, you have built fine churches and put in expensive windows, you pay for the poor, you do that, but—"Ye have not returned unto me, saith the Lord."

> I also have given you cleanness of teeth in all your cities and want of bread in all your places.

All these manifestations of need and suffering and you have not taken notice.

> Therefore *thus* will I do unto thee, O Israel. . . . . Prepare to meet thy God.

A great ethical appeal, such as the Boston people trembled under when Theodore Parker stood on Beacon Hill by that poor runaway slave. Amos saw the iniquity and felt the degradation, and expressed it in such high fashion that it has come down to us nearly 3,000 years after his time. In the third sermon:

> Seek ye the Lord. . . . Seek him that maketh the Pleiades and Orion. . . . The Lord is his name.

Here in the eighth century B. C. this fellow has risen into monotheism, up there where Emerson and Whittier and we all try to be.

Then this first of the great leaders whom John Stuart Mill glorified in the quotation given last week, breaks out into lamentation over the things he sees. This is nothing at all if not a lesson in ethics and sociology—"Woe to him that puts far away the evil day, that lies upon a bed of ivory."

The functionaries of the Church said: The people can't stand this. Amos is intolerable. When another Amos made Florence reel and stagger, great political leaders said, "We must get rid of Savonarola. We'll give him a cardinal's hat, promote him." When they came to the Duomo for his answer, Savonarola shook Florence over the pit as he never did before. "I am here to denounce luxury and corruption. I am a friend of the poor, a democrat." Savonarola was burned, but the children scatter their flowers every May where Savonarola fell. The tomb of the Medici is visited for Angelo's sake; the man for whom the tomb was reared is despised.

Part III, chapters vii-ix, consists of a series of

visions. But the prophet saves himself from the reproach of being a heretic, because through all this corruption and degradation he saw the permanency of the right and the ultimate triumph of the good.

You will wonder about the theology of all this. Perhaps you think that in the light of subsequent history this shepherd poet must have been miraculously and divinely inspired or he could not have had such visions. Later on we shall see from parallel cases that everywhere and always the man of ethics is the man of vision. Always the man who is illumined by a sense of right is by that fact a seer. It did not require a special illumination from the Almighty for an ethical man to see that this little patch of ground, packed with conceit and rotten with luxury, would go down. Read Lowell's "Crisis." Lowell didn't see it as it is in history, but with the wonderful foresight of a moralist. Things did not come out as Amos expected. The Jews did come back, but they didn't stay.

QUESTIONS ON AMOS.

1. Name some reasons why the book of Amos has survived.
2. Classify his character.
3. Of what king and kingdom does he speak?
4. What part of the country did he come from?
5. How may the book be divided?
6. Name some of the visions.
7. What makes a prophet's message true?
8. How could Amos see so clearly the dangers ahead?
9. Why did he go to Israel?
10. What is his ultimate message?

The Study Table

NEW BOOKS AND OLD.

The other day I gave you a brief review of "Patsy," the last book written by S. R. Crockett. It pleased me so much that I went back to the author's first book, "The Sticket Minister," and am now reading it with delight. If I did not suppose most of my UNITY friends had already enjoyed this book I would urge them to get it and take it with them into the country during vacation. It is such a rare thing just now to find a book of real genius, and by that I only mean a book that bubbles out from a spring in the glen. Most of our novels are made up from scraps of other novels or are the painful result of a desire to become an author, or possibly to make a little money.

"The Sticket Minister" and "Patsy" come to me from *Macmillan Company*. With them comes "Concert Pitch," by Frank Danby, author of "Pigs in Clover" and "The Heart of a Child." This book is full of activity, velocity we might better say, and it uses profanity about as we use oats for horses, to stimulate and excite, where thoughts get a little laggard. However, it is a go-ahead sort of a novel and will please many.

"Vanishing Points" is written by Alice Brown and published by the *Macmillan Company*. That is enough to say for the book. It is a volume made up of about a dozen of Miss Brown's most delightful stories. I get into my Morris chair, lie back on cushions and have a good time. If I get to sleep, my dreams will be beautiful and sweet, and I shall wake up to read more. I wish to gracious that I could never see another novel less charming than this.

From the same publishing house I have a copy of "The Book of Judges," most learnedly parsed out to us by the late Professor Edward Lewis Curtis. It is printed as one book of "The Bible for Home and School." If I wished to teach my children brutality and to believe the most absurd myths as divine truth, I would put just such volumes as this into their hands. When our people can rise above their credulities, and stand for the plain everyday truths of life; when they comprehend clearly that the ever-living Life, whom we call Our Father in the Heavens, has nothing whatever to do with this old tribal lot of gods, or with Jehovah, one of the worst of them, then we shall be somewhere on the road of common sense and character. It is overwhelmingly sad to comprehend the fact that so many thousands of pulpits are wasting the moral force of America on fables. Our children lose the superb chance of walking with God, in this garden world of ours. E. P. POWELL.

SPRING'S SARABAND.

Over the hills of April
With soft winds hand in hand,
Impassionate and dreamy-eyed
Spring leads her saraband.
Her garments float and gather
And swirl along the plain,
Her headgear is the golden sun,
Her cloak the silver rain.

With color and with music,
With perfumes and with pomp,
By meadowland and upland,
Through pasture, wood and swamp,
With promise and enchantment,
Leading her mystic mime,
She comes to lure the world anew
With joy as old as time.

Quick lifts the marshy chorus
To transport, trill on trill;
There's not a rod of stony ground
Unanswering on the hill.
The brooks and little rivers
Dance down their wild ravines,
And children in the city squares
Keep time, to tambourines.

The bluebird in the orchard
Is lyrical for her,
The starling with his meadow pipe
Sets all the wood astir,
The hooded white spring-beauties
Are curtsying in the breeze,
The blue hepaticas are out
Under the chestnut trees.

The maple buds make glamor,
Viburnum waves its bloom,
The daffodils and tulips
Are risen from the tomb.
The lances of Narcissus.
Have pierced the wintry mold;
The commonplace seems pardise
Through veils of greening gold.

O heart, hear thou the summons,
Put every grief away,
When all the motley masques of earth
Are glad upon a day.
Alack, that any mortal
Should less than gladness bring
Into the choral joy that sounds
The saraband of spring.

—*Bliss Carman.*

"Nothing is ever done by twos. It is always one, one, some *one* who strikes out alone over the unpromising waste. It is always the whitening bones of some *one*."

Muriel Strode.

THE HOME

HELPS TO HIGH LIVING.

SUNDAY.—Choose the highest and hold fast.
MONDAY.—Do your duty, whether shivering or warm, never mind.
TUESDAY.—All that befalls the individual is for the good of the whole.
WEDNESDAY.—When you want to cheer yourself consider the excellent qualities of those about you.
THURSDAY.—True happiness lies in a very few things.
FRIDAY.—You are like others and often do wrong yourself.
SATURDAY.—Where the life has no unity of aim a man cannot live at unity with himself.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

MOTTO FOR A HOME

This home is dedicated to good will. It grew out of love. The two heads of the household were called together by a power higher than they. To its decree they are obedient. Every tone of the voice, every thought of their being, is subdued to that service. They desire to be worthy of their high calling, as ministers of that grace. They know their peace will go unbroken only for a little time. And often they suspect that the time will be more short even than their anxious hope. They cannot permit so much as one hour of that brief unity to be touched by scorn or malice. The world's judgments have lost their sting inside this door. Those who come seeking to continue the harmony which these two have won are ever welcome. The rich are welcome, so they come simply. The poor are welcome, for they have already learned friendliness through buffeting. Youth is welcome, for it brings the joy which these two would learn Age is welcome, for it will teach them tenderness.—*Collier's Weekly.*

MY BED IS A BOAT.

My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.

At night, I go on board and say
Good night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do;
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer;
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

A certain ship full of Mohammedan pilgrims was going to Mecca. On its way a Portuguese vessel captured it. Amongst the booty were some copies of the Koran. The Portuguese hanged these copies of the Koran around the necks of dogs and paraded them through the streets of Ormuz. It happened that this very Portuguese ship was captured by the emperor's men and in it were found copies of the Bible. The love of Akbar for his mother is well known, and his mother was a zealous Mohammedan and it pained her very much to hear of the treatment of the sacred book of the Mohammedans in the hands of Christians, and she wanted Akbar to do the same with the Bible. But this great man replied: "Mother, these ignorant men do not know the value of the Koran and they treated it in a manner which is the outcome of ignorance. But I know the glory of the Koran and the Bible both and I cannot degenerate myself in the way they did."

(*Story told by Ghandi, of Bombay, India, at the Parliament of Religions.*)

For the Protection of the Birds

CURRENT ITEMS OF INTEREST

Prepared by HENRY OLDYS

PROHIBITING IMPORTATION OF BIRD PLUMAGE.

Mr. James Buckland of England, in a letter to Mr. E. H. Forbush, State Ornitohologist of Massachusetts, declares his opinion that Germany will be the first European power to pass a law prohibiting the importation of plumage, and expresses the hope that England and America will follow. America, however, may be the first nation to adopt such a measure, as a movement is on foot to amend the tariff law so as to forbid importation into the United States of birds and bird plumage for millinery purposes.

A NEW FRENCH BIRD COMMISSON.

The French Ministry of Agriculture has appointed a commission for the purpose of establishing "on a scientific basis for the whole of France, a complete classification of useful and harmful birds.

PRIZE MEDALS FOR MICHIGAN SCHOOLS.

Mr. W. B. Mershon of Saginaw, Mich., author of *The Passenger Pigeon,* and an active worker for bird protection, has offered seven prize medals to the school children of Michigan for various essays on birds, for feeding birds, for photographing them, and for success with bird houses. The prizes will be distributed next May, on Arbor and Bird Day, 1913.

PROTECTION OF BIRDS ON THE FARNE ISLANDS.

A number of residents of Northumberland County, in the north of England, have organized the Farne Island Associaton, the object of which is the protection of the razor-billed auks and other species of birds which nest on the Farne Islands. These islands, twenty-one in number, lying off the coast of Northumberland, are small, rocky and of no agricultural value. Keepers have been employed to stay on them during the birds' nesting season to protect the birds.

MERIDEN BIRD SANCTUARY.

Through the activity of Mr. Ernest Harold Baynes the Meriden (N. H.) Bird Club has established a bird sanctuary at that place. Many plants that furnish bird food have been set out, and the students of the American Academy have joined with the residents in putting up bird boxes and food houses, feeding the birds in winter, and protecting them from their enemies. The bird population of the locality has greatly increased. Branch bird clubs have been formed by Mr. Baynes in other parts of New England, which are doing similar work.

BRENT VALLEY SANCTUARY.

The birds in the Brent Valley Sanctuary in England are becoming more and more indifferent to the curiosity of visitors and are rapidly gaining a sense of security. Most of the species use the artificial nesting sites provided.

BIRD DAY IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

In New South Wales, in connection with Bird Day, October 9, 1912, a "bird-life" supplement to the *Public Instruction Gazette* was issued. It was printed on art paper, enclosed in a neat cover, and well illustrated.

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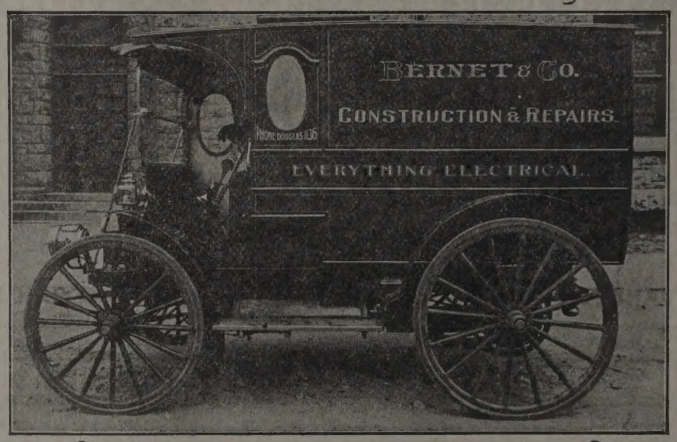

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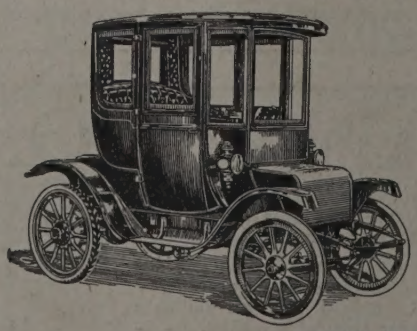

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